From The Academy.

I wake with the flowers that will watch out the night,
Yellow and white,
In the midsammer twilights over the land
For the dawn at hand
From the secret and silect regions of birth
To come on earth.
You shall find me early and leave me late,
I can always wait,
As sure as that summer and sun will disclose
The heart of the 1992,
With the brooding passion of poet or bird
Ill life be stirred
In the formless thought, in the eggs of blue,
And love in you. In the formiess thought, in the costs
And love in you.
Oh, the sky delight of the reschud's red!
Oh, the word unsaid.

PIETRO GHISLERI.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD. Author of "Saracinesca." "The Three Fates," etc. Copyright, 1892, by Macmillan & Co. CHAPTER XXVII.

Ghisleri rose to meet his visitors, who greeted him gravely and sat down opposite to him so that they could all look at his face while speaking.

"We have come to you," he said, "upon a very difficult and unpleasant affair. In the first place, I must beg you to listen to what I have to say calmly as you can, remembering that we have ot come here to quarrel with you, but to act on behalf of a lady. This being the case, we claim to be treated as ambassadors, to be heard and to

"You speak as though you were about to mak very disagreeable communication," answered "The presence of Signor Grondona either may say, or that your business is of a legal nathe latter supposition is the true one, ould be much better that we should leave the ole matter to our respective lawyers rather oint out that I have a right to resent ch observation, and to request you to find some other means of informing me of your meaning As you tell me that you are acting for a lady, toward helping you with your errand. Judge for yourselves whether you will execute it or not."

'I will certainly not go away without saying what I have come to say," replied Savelli, fixing his bright, spectacled eyes upon Ghisleri's face. We are here to represent Donna Adele Savellilet that be understood, if you please. She wishes you to hand over to us a certain letter, of the nature of a confession, which you found at Gerano about two years and a half ago, and which you

Ghisleri was less surprised than might have been expected. His face grew slowly pale as he listened, steadily returning the speaker's gaze.

"I promised you personal immunity from the "It was a rash promise, I find, but I will keep it. You may inform Donna Adele Savelli that although it is commonly said in the world that she has actually lost such a letter as mention, I have never seen it, nor have I any knowledge of its contents. Further, I demand, as a right, to be told upon what imaginary evidence she ventures to bring such an outrageous consation against me."

The Advocate Grondona smiled, but the two en preserved an unmoved manner. Of the two, Gerano was the more surprised by Ghisleri's existed and was in the latter's hands, but that it would not prove to have the importance his daughter attached to it. Prince Savelli produced a bundle of papers from his pocket.

I am quite prepared," he said. "I will state my daughter-in-law's case as accurately as I can, and as nearly as possible in her own words, a great part of which I have here, in the form of

"It is understood that Donna Adele Savelli is speaking, gentlemen. On that understanding you have my permission to proceed. I will not inter-

Savelli began to speak, and, as he had prom and, on the whole, very much as she had summed it up in her own mind before going to him. Ghisleri sat with folded arms and bent brows,

"Have you done?" he inquired in a voice shaking with anger, when Savelli had finished.

"Yes." answered the latter coolly. "I believe

"Then I have to say that a more villanou

the courage and calmness he could command.

calumny was never invented to ruin any man. Good morning, gentlemen." He rose and the three others were obliged to rise also.

"And so you positively refuse to give up letter?" inquired Savelli; there was an angry

good enough to convey it to Donna Adele Savelli." "Are you aware, Signor," said the lawyer, stepping in front of his two clients, "that upon such evidence as we possess you are liable to be indicted for an attempt to extort money from the Princess Adele Savelli,?"

"You are not privileged, like these gentlemen. said Ghisleri, white to the lips. "If you venture to speak again my servant will silence you. I have already hinted that this interview is ended," he added to Savelli and Gerano,

The three went out in silence and left him alone With characteristic coolness he sat down to re-cover from the violent shock he had sustained and to reflect upon his future conduct, before sending for Ubaldini and consulting with him. He had almost expected the demand to restore a document he did not possess, but he was not prepared for the well-constructed story by which Savelli, Gerano and their lawyer had been persuaded of his guilt. The lawyer's words had placed the whole affair in a light which showed how thoroughly convinced the men were of the justice of their accusation, and Ghisleri understood well enough that Savelli intended to take legal steps. What those steps might be, Pietro had not the least idea. He rang for Bonifazio and sent him out to buy the Penal Code. It was probably the wisest thing he could do under the circumstances, as he did not even know whether, if he were arrested, he should be admitted to bail or not. saw well enough that an order for his arrest might very possibly be issued. Grondona was far too grave and learned a lawyer to have uttered waste time or words when action was possible. If he had spoken as he had, he had done so for his clients' advantage, in the hope that Ghisleri might be frightened at the last minute info giving up the letter. In that way all publicity and

But it was clear that the die was cast, and that war was declared. More than ever he was glad that Leura Arden was not in Rome. The thought that if she were present she would necessarily have to follow the course of events little by little, as he must himself, and the certainty that she pathy for him, made him rejoice at her absence. When she learned what had taken place she would know all the circumstances at once, including Ghisleri's proof of his innocence, which, as he felt she should be kept in ignorance of what was cocurring. Having decided this point, he began to think of chodsing some person to whom, if he were actually arrested, he might apply for assistno time to be lost, as he was well aware. Since Savelli really believed him guilty of the abomi-nable crime with which he was charged, it was not likely that time would be given him to leave country, as his adversaries would naturally

is called in Italy—and if they succeeded, as in all likelihood they would, in getting a warrant to be executed at any moment during the day. It was extremely important that he should be prepared for the worst. He thought of all the men he knew, and after a little hesitation he decided that he would write to San Giacinto. The latter had always been friendly to him, and Pietro remembered how he had spoken at the club, years ago, when Pietrasanta was gossipping about Arden's supposed intemperance. San Giacinto's very great moral weight in the world, due in different degrees to his character, his superior judgment and his enormous wealth, made him the most desirable of allies. While he was waiting for Bonifazio's return, Ghisleri occupied himself in writing a note advising San Giacinto of the circumstances, and inquiring whether he might ask him for help.

The servant returned as he finished and handed his master the little yellow-covered volume with an expression of inquiry on his face. Ghisleri wrote both on a card and Ubaldini want have a more than a case like this the great body of educated public and scall opinion is with the were words," said Ghistrit, with a laugh, "In other words," said Ghistrit, with a laugh, "In other words," said Ghistrit, with a laugh, "In woold like to know were liked to be over the man of the common man and seed the superior judgment and his enormous wealth, made him the most desirable of allies. While he was waiting for Bonifazio's return, Ghisleri occupied himself in writing a note advising San Giacinto of the circumstances, and inquiring whether he might ask him for help.

The servant returned as he finished and handed his master the little yellow-covered volume with an expression of inquiry on his face. Ghisleri wrote both on a card and Ubaldini went away. Before Ghisleri and San Giacinto hack, looking rather pale and excited.

The sum of course, too, you must not for get that in a case like this the signor Marches here present, who will swear the signor Marches here present, who

what might take place any moment. There was much friendliness in the relations between the two. Bonifazio had been with Pietro many years, and perhaps understood the latter's charmost as unlike other people, in his own way, as Ghisleri himself, and was in two respects a remarkable contrast to him. He was imperturbably good-tempered in the first place, and, in the second, he was extremely devout. But there were resemblances also, and it was for these that Ghisleri liked him. He was honest to a fault. He had more than once proved himself to be coolly courageous in some of his master's dangerself, and reticent in the highest degree. That such an otherwise perfect creature should have often annoyed him in small ways by thrusting services upon him which he did not require. On rare occasions he would insist upon giving very useless and uncalled-for advice.

Faithful and devoted in every way, he wholly disapproved, on religious grounds, of Ghisleri's mode of life, even so far as he was acquainted with it. He considered that Pietro lived, and had lived for many years, in seven-fold deadly prayers for Pietro's repentance and reformation. Twice a year, also, he privately presented the parish priest with a small charity out of his savings, requesting him to say a mass for Ghisleri's benefit. Obstinate in this as in everything else, he firmly believed that his master's soul might ultimately be saved by sheer prayer-power, so to

These last facts, of course, didn't come within Ghisleri's knowledge, for Bonifazio made no outward show of pious interest in Pietro's spiritual welfare, well knowing that he could not keep his situation an hour, if he were so unwise as to risk anything of the kind. But his silent disapproval showed itself in his mournful expreshim as more than usually wicked and wild. The question of informing him that the police might

be done in our day," he said as he concluded. "I have seen enough in my time, and among my own near connections, to know that almost anything conceivable may happen," answered the giant, "Meanwhile I shall not leave you until the police come, or until we

almost anything conceivable may happen," answered the giant. "Meanwhile I shall not leave you until the police come, or until we know definitely that they are not coming. My carriage is below and has orders to wait all day and all night."

"You do not mean to say you really intend to stay with me?" asked Ghisleri, who was not prepared for such a manifestation of friendship.

"That is my intention," replied the other, calmly lighting a long, black cicar. "If it lasts long, I will sleep on your sofa. If, however, you prefer that I should go to Savelli and make him tell me what he intends to do. I am quite ready. I think I could make him tell me."

"I think you could," said Ghisleri, with a smile, as he looked at his friend.

The hure, giant strength of the man was imposing in itself, apart from the terribly determined look of the iron features and deep-set eyes. Few men would have cared to find themselves opposed to San Giacinto even when he was perfectly calm, hardly any, perhaps, if his anger was roused. The last time he had been angry had been when he dragged the forger. Arnoldo Meschini, from the library to the study in Palazzo Montevarchi more then twenty years earlier. His hair was turning gray now, but there was no outward signs of any diminution in his powers, physical or mental.

"In any case," he said, "some time must elapse. It will need the greater part of the day to get a warrant of arrest."

Ghisleri would have been glad to end his suspense by allowing his friend to go directly to Savelli, as he had pronosed to do. But considering what he had already shown himself ready to do, Pietro did not wish to involve him in the affair any further than necessary.

"Is it of any use to send for my lawyer?" asked Ghisleri, well aware of San Giacinto's superior experience in all legal matters.

"There is not the least hurry," answered the latter. "If the affair is brought to trial, there will be time enough and to spore. But if it amuses you, let us have the man here and ask his opinion. It can do no harm."

Acco

answers made, ought to prove at once that I knew even then what Donna Adele wished to attempt." But Ubaldini only shrugged his shoulders.

"That will be against you," answered San Giacinto. "It will be said that you were well aware of what you were doing, and that you were taking precautions in case of exposure. Even it Lady Herbert were here to give evidence, it would not help you much. After all, Donna Adele's story about the seamstress is plausible, and Lady Herbert took your explanation on faith."

"Lady Herbert hall not be called as a witness, if I can help it," said Ghisleri. "It is bad enough that her name should appear at all."

"The difficulty," observed Ubaldini, "is that every point can be turned against you from first to last. I am afraid that even my little stratugem has done no good. I wished to find out whether the confession really existed, and I thought it best that you should be in ignorance of the stops I took and of the result I obtained, in case you should be called upon to swear to anything in a possible action brought by you for defamation. The less an innocent man knows of the facts of a case, when he is on his oath, the better it generally turns out for him. The first thing to be done is to find the dealer with whom you negotiated for the purchase of the manuscript. His evidence will be the strongest we can get. Of course, even to that they will answer that you would not be so foolish as to write what looked like an account of a genuine transaction without lending an air of truth to it, in case of necessity, by actually making inquiries about it. If it is found that the prices named in your letters agree with those asked by the dealer, they will say that you cleverly chose a very valuable work, and determined to be guided by the value of it, in appraising the letter you held. If the prices did not agree, they would say that even if the transaction were genuine, you had conducted it dishonestly; but then, as a matter of fact, the dishonestly; but then, as a matter of fact, the dishonestl

question of informing him that the police might be expected at any moment was not in itself a serious one. He would assuredly disbelieve the whole story, and vigorously deny the accusation when acquainted with both. Ghisleri determined to say nothing, and immediately sent him out again with the note for San Giacinto. He then took up the Penal Code, and found the article referring to the misdeed of which he was accused. It read as follows:

Article 400, Whosoever, by in any way inspiring fear of severe injury to the person, the honor of the property of another, or by falsely representing the order of an Authority, constraints that other to send, deposit, or place at the disposal of the dilinquent money, objects, or decuments harding any herd import whatseever, is punished with impisorment for a term of from two to ten years.

The law was clear enough. With regard to bail, he discovered with some difficulty that in such cases it could be obtained immediately, either on depositing the sum of money considered requisite according to circumstances, or by the surety of one or more well-known persons.

San Giacinto answered the note by appearing in person. When he undertook anything he generally proceeded to the scone of action at once to ascertain for himself the true state of the case. Ghisleri explained matters as succincity as possible.

seeing the latter go to the snoking-room, almost seeing the latter go to the snoking-room, almost every one in the club followed him, out of curiesity, in the hope that he would give some explanation of what had occurred. They were not disnopointed. San Gucinto stood with his back to the fire place, looking at each face that presented itself before him.

"Gentlemen." he began, "I see that you expect me to say something. I will, I do not wish to offend any one: but, with the exception of all of ourselves here assembled, most people tell lies, consciously or unconsciously, when they do not knew the truth, and sometimes when they do, which is werse. So I mean to tell you the truth about my driving with Ghisleri and two policements day, and the reason why I have been driving with him all the afternoon. After that you may believe what you like about the matter. The facis are these. Vesterday Ghisleri wrote me a note telling me that he expected shortly to be arrested on a charge of extortion, and asking if I would be bail for him. That is what I have done. The accusation comes from Casa Savelli, and declares that for two years and a half chisleri has had possession of that letter belonging to Donna Adele which she wrote to her confessor, which was lost on the way, and of which we have all heard vague hims for some time. Casa Savelli says that Ghisleri has been trying to make her pay money for it, and has otherwise made her life unbearable to her by means of it. There are letters of Ghisleri's referring to the manuscript of Isabella Montevarchi's confession which was for sale this autumn, and Casa Savelli says that this manuscript was speken of in order to disguise the real transaction contemplated. Ghisleri says it is a plot to ruin him, and that he has been aware of it ever since last spring. Meantime he has actually been arrested and I have given bail for him. That is the story. I drove about with him this afternoon to show that I, for my part, take his side and helieve him to be yerfectly innocent. That is what I

feetly innocent. That is what I had to say. I am obliged to you for having listened so patiently."

As he turned to go away, not caring for any further discussion at the time, he was aware that a dark man of medium height, with very broad shoulders and fierce, black eyes, was standing beside him, facing the crowd.

"I am entirely of San Giacinto's opinion," said Gianforte Campodenico, in clear tones, "I believe Ghisleri utterly incanable of any such baseness. Donna Adele Savelli is a relation of mine, but I will stand by Ghisleri in this, come what may. I hope that no one will have the audicity to propose any action of the club in the cree, such as requesting him to withdraw, until after the trial."

"But when a man is indicted for crime, and

rowd. "I said." repeated Gianforte, interrupting the speaker in a hard and menacing voice, "that I hoped no one would have the audacity to propose that the club should take any action in the case. I hope I have made myself clearly understood."

Stood."

Such was the character and reputation of Campodonico that the man who had began to speak did not attempt to proceed, not so much from timidity, perhaps, as because he felt that in the end two men like Gianforts and San Giacinto must carry public opinion with them. As they stood side by side before the fireplace, they were as strong and determined a pair of champions as any one could have wished to have.

"You are quite right," said San Giacinto, in an approving tone. "Of course I have neither the power nor the right to prevent discussion. Every one will talk about this case and the trial, and as it is a public affair every one has a right to do so. I suppose. I only wish it to be known that I believe Ghisleri innocent, and I am glad to see that Campodonico, who knows him very well, is of my opinion."

After this there was nothing more to be said, and the crowd dispersed, talking together in low tones. The two men who had undertaken Ghisleri's defence remained together. San Gircinto looked down at his young companion, and his stern face softened strangely. A certain kind of manly courage and generosity was the only thing that ever really touched him.

"I am glad to see that there are still men in the world," he said, "Will you have a game of billiards?"

The first result of this was that there was relatively very fittle talk about Ghisleri among the men when they were together. It is problement.

families heard what had been said, they were very angry indeed. Unfortunately for them, nothing could be done. As San Glacinto had rightly put it, the trial was to be a public affair, and every one had a right to his own opinion. But there were not wanting those who sided with the Savelli, for though Ghisleri had tew enemies, if any, besides Adele, yet there were man who were jealous of him for his social successes, and who disliked his calm air of superiority. The story became the constant topic of conversation in most of the Rouan families, and many who had for years received Ghisleri immediately determined that they would be very cautious and cool until he should prove his innocence to the world.

cence to the world.

He himself, during the days which followed, saw much of San Glacinto, who told him what Campodonico had said at the clab.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

When Laura Arden returned to Rome, she was met by her mother with a full account of what every detail of the last great scandal. But she

back, looking rather pass and seedinged. "The deed of apoplesy two days burged yesterday." He died of apoplesy two days burged yesterday. He died of apoplesy two days burged yesterday. He died of apoplesy two days ago, a property of the p

in hand, on the morrow heart the world she described and for he knew that the world she despised would give her little credit for her generous net. Yet, in spite of his self-contenut, he was happy. Five minutes before one o'clock on the rext day he rang at her door. She had returned as usual to the small sportment she had occupied since leaving the Termietto.

He found her dressed for walking, all in black, and looked at the clock. As he entered she turned and laughed happily. There was a faint color in her checks, too.

"I knew you would not let me ruin my reputation for the sake of your obstingey," she said, as she came forward to meet him. "In four minutes I would have left the house." She grassed his hand warmly as she speke.

"No," he said, "I could not have done that. What ways you have of forcing people to obey you! But you are very wrong! I still maintain that".

"Sit down," she said, "and let us talk of more interesting thines. I must hear the whole story from your own lins, though I am sure my mother did her best to be quite truthful; but she does not understand you and never will, as I begin to think."
"Tell me first how you are, and about Her-

to think."
"Tell me first how you are, and about Herbert," said Ghislert. "You will hear outle enough of this miserable affair. It will keep a day or

of this miserable affair. It will keep a day or two."

"It need not keep so long as that," answered two."

"It need not keep so long as that," answered Loura, "I can tell you the news in a few words. I am perfectly well. Herbert is perfectly well, too, thank God, and has outgrown his clothes twice and his shees four times since we have been away. Since I last wrote great things have happened. I have been in England again at last, and have stayed with the Lalworths. You see I am in mourning. Uncle Herbert died a month ago. I never caw the old gentleman but once, for he lived in the most extraordinary way, in complete isolation. You know that—well, he is dead, and he has left all the fortune to my Herbert, with a life interest in one-quarter of it for me, besides an enormous allowance for Herbert's education. That is all there is to tell."

"It is good news, indeed," said Ghisleri. "I am so glad. It will make an immense difference to you, though of course you have known of it a long time."

"It will not make so much difference as you fancy. I shall go on living much as I do, for I have had almost all I wanted in these years. But I am glad for Herbert's sake, of course, And now begin, please, and do not stop until you have told me everything."

"Needs must when you will anything," Ghisleri answered, with a faint smile.

So he told her the story, while she listened and watched him. She had developed in strength and decision during the last year, more rapidly than before, and he felt in speaking to her as though she had power to help him and would use it. He was grateful, and more than grateful. Within the last few weeks he had learned that the strongest and most determined men may sometimes need a friend. He had long had one in her, and he had found a new one in San Giacinto: but though the laster's imposing personality had more influence in the world than that of any may Ghisleri knew, there was that in Lauras sympathy which gave him a new strength of his own, and fresh courneys there was that in Lauras sympathy w

it."

"She may be mad." Laura answered, "but she is bad, too. It will all come out at the trial, and she will get what she deserves."

"I hope so. But do you know what I really expect? Unless it can be proved that the confession has been all the time in the safe keeping of some person who has not even read it, I shall be convicted and imprisoned. I am quite prepared for that, I supose that will come to me by way of expinition for my sins."

"Please do not talk like that," cried Laura.
"It is absurd! There is no court in the world that would convict you—a perfectly innocess man.

A. A. VANTINE & CO.



Turkish and India Goods.

877, 879 BROADWAY.

Commencing Monday morning we will inaugurate our regular Summer CLEARANCE SALE

DRESS SILKS. Our designs must be entirely new each year, and to close out the balance of this season's goods we offer the very highest and

most reliable grades of material at prices lower than vastly

inferior goods are often sold at as bargains. 6,500 Yards 27-in.
PRINTED SHANGHAI and
JAPANESE SILKS,
Reduced from \$1.25 and \$1.50.

JAPANESE WASH SILKS. 35C, YARD.

Best quality BABUTAI WASH SILKS, 75C, YARD.

"You have done what few women would have done. You know that I know it. If I will not say what I am thinking of, it is for that very reason." His fingers clasped each other and anclasped again with a sharp, nervous movement, "I am sorry you do not trust me altogether," safe Laura.

often. Fromise to come to-morrow." Her tone was imperative, and he knew that she had the power to force him to compliance.

He yielded out of necessity, and left her. When he was in the street he sto d stell a few moments, I anlie upon his stick as th ugh he was exhausted. His face was white. Oddly enough, what he felt recalled an accident which had once happened to him. On a calm, hot day, several years earlier, he had been slowly sailing along a southern shore. The heat had been intense, and he had thrown himself into the water to got a little coolness, holding by a rope, and allowing himself to be towed along under the side of the beat. Then one of the men celled to him loudly to come aboard as quickly as he could. As he reached the deck, the straight black fin of a big shark glided smoothly by. He could remember the shedow it east on the bright blue water, and the sensation he experienced when he saw how near he had unconsciously been to a hideous death. Like many beave but very sensitive men, he had turned pule when the danger was quite past and had felt for one moment something like physical exhaustion. The same feeling overtook him now as he pensed on the nevement he fore the house in which Laura Arden livel. An instant later he was walking rapidly homeward. At the corner of a street he came suddenly upon Gianforte Campadonics. Both men raised their hats almost at the same moment, for their relations were necessarily maintained upon rather formal terms. Ghisleri owed his old adversary a debt of gratitude for his conduct at the clab, but a rather exaggerated sense of delicacy hindered Pietro from stopping and speaking with him in the street. Campadonice, however, wand not let him ness on and stood still as Ghisleri came up to him.

"I wish to thank you with all my heart for the generous way in which you have snoken of me," said Ghisleri, grasping the other's ready out-

came up to him.

"I wish to thank you with all my heart for the generous way in which you have spoken of me," said Ghisleri, grasping the other's ready outstretched hand.

"You have nothing to thank me for," replied Gianforte, "Knowing you to be a perfectly honorable and honest man, I should have been a coward if I had held my tongue. You have a good friend in San Giacinto, and I suppose I camnot be of much use to you. But if I can, send for me I shall never like you perhaps, but I will stand by you, because I respect you as much as any man living."

"I thank you sincerely," said Ghisleri, pre-sing his hand again. "You are very generous."

"No, but I try to be just."

They parted, and Ghisleri pursued his way, meditating on the contradictions of life and wondering why at the most critical moment of his existence the one man who had come forward unasked and of his own free impulse to defend him publicly and to offer his help, should be his eldest and most implacable enemy. He was protoundly conscious of the man's generosity. The world, he said to himself, micht not be such a bad place after all. But he did not guess how soon he was to need the assistance so freely profered.

He went home at once. Benifazio closed the door behind him and followed him respectfully

He went home at once. Benifazio closed the door behind him and followed him respectfully into the sitting-room.

"I beg pardon, signor," he began, standing still as he waited for Ghisleri to turn and look at him.

"Do you need money?" asked the latter cars-lessly.

lessly.
"No, signor. You have perhaps forgotten that

"No, signor. You have perhaps forgotten that you gave me money yesterday. It is something which I have had upon my conscience a long time, and now that you are falsely accused, signor, it is my duty to speak, if you permit me."

"Tell me what it is." Ghisleri sat down at his writing-table, and lit a cizarette.

"It is a very secret matter, signor. But if I keep it a secret any longer I shall be doing wrong, though I also did wrong in coming by the information I have, though I did not know it. I have also been to a lawyer who understands these matters and takes an interest in the case, and he has told me that unless some saint performs a miracle nothing can save you at the trial. So that I must give my evidence. But if I do the Princess Adele will go to the galleys and the bouse of Savelli will be quite ruined. For the Princess murdered Lord Herbert Ard m and trie!

Besides I shall give my evidence about three letters. I shall give my evidence about three letters are all give my evidence and reliable to respect this strait. I was innecent, and you helived me. Or, if you have done have specified and reliable to respect the my cort. Undfind says so. I really expect to fail back upon, and mether would prove anything in court. Undfind says so. I really expect to fail back upon, and mether would prove anything in court. Undfind says so. I really expect to fail back upon, and mether would prove any three its own to make the characters. I shall make the says that Laura understood.

"You should not seen think of such things," she said cravely. You are far to brave upon that we shall not be. I tell you that you shall not be.' Is true precipited to the shall be repeated to the shall me the shall

quietly.
"I can never thank you enough, my dear Boni-fazio," he said. "You have saved me. I will

"As for tint, signor, I will not accept any present, and I humbly beg you not to offer many, for it would be the price of blood, such as Judias Iscariot received, seeing that the Princess any, for it would be the price of blood, such as Judias Iscariot received, seeing that the Princess Adele will up to the galleys." "Casa Savelli will easily prove that she was mad, as I believe she is, and she will end her life in a lundin servium. But you must not bring either from Tebaldo or the letter here. Go at once the Marchess di San Gincinto and tell him exactive the will know what to do. Take money with you and execute his orders exactly without returning here, no matter what they are. I can do without you for a week, if necessary, and I wish to know nothing of the matter until it is on?" "Yes, sancer, he left the room and went directly to Sancer, and were do matter until it is on?" "Yes, sancer, while house." The latter received him in his study, and listened to his story with calm attention. Then, without making any remark, he smoked nearly half a culler, while Bonifazio, stood motionless, begin and gave the man who answered it instructions to order out a sort of mail cart he used for driving himself, and the strongest horses in the Stable.

"You must come with me," he said to Bonifazio, "You must come with me," he said to Bonifazio, and the a rather long one to Sarelli. In the last mentioned he informed the Prince of Sant' Hario, another to Gianforte Campodonico, and then a rather long; one to Sarelli. In the last mentioned he informed the Prince that he would appear on the merrow, with Campodonico and Sont' Hario, and that he desired to he would appear on the merrow, with Campodonico and Sont' Hario, and that he desired to he would appear on the merrow with Campodonico and then a rather long; on the highest importance to make. In his mounted that the carriace was waiting. San desired that the would he decidedly the worse for he whole bonse of Savelli and for Adele in particular in his request word. He was acting a